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# Bad At Adjectives

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## Chapter 1 by Phantim

(Try to use severely incorrect adjectives to describe things)

There I was, my rocky hair blowing in the wind. I saw you across the triangular street, you smiled. You had muscular teeth, and flowing eyes. I was in awe of you. A contrast from my own clockwise appearance.

## Chapter 2 by BryanMc



As the sun hung aromatic in the sky, I bitterly decided to introduce myself to you. "Hello", I said. "My name is bewilderingly unimportant. I just wanted to tell you that you how steeply attractive you are".

The words had just voicelessly left my mouth when I noticed you were a cardboard cutout. I was ajar with embarrassment. Still, I found myself apathetically attracted to you. Hey, the last person I dated was an easy disaster.

I gathered all my courage and asked hugely, "Would you like to go for coffee? There's a prickly coffee shop down the street that I've been wanting to try for a breezy time". You looked at me

with fluffy eyes and said nothing.

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We were vastly on our way to the coffee shop.

### Chapter 3 by Anticitizen One



The leafy shopkeeper of the rippling delicatessen I took you from burst out of the shop. "What do you think you're doing with my cutout, you mingling moron?" he shouted listlessly. I moistly responded "I have a date with this injurious cutout!" I filthily turned around and strode down the street toward the coffee shop.

Once we arrived at that strapping coffee shop I harrowingly bent you in half and aligned you in a chair. I sat in the ingenuous chair across from you and stared at your edgy smile. I was gripped by aquamarine timidity.

Thankfully a waitress arrived and took our orders in short order. Afterwards, I felt that irreconcilable urge, nature's call. When you weren't looking, I slipped from the table. I dipped into the bathroom for a fiery moment, but when I returned, I didn't see you at our bucolic table.

I drew nearer and saw you laid caressingly on the floor, with two cylindrical gentleman sitting at our table. Gripped with fluffy rage, I seize you up from the floor and storm out of the grandiose coffee shop. I step out onto the apoplectic sidewalk and gaze into the starry midday sky.

### Chapter 4 by Wesley C-1



My sociable feeling of rage slowly dissipates as we walk away. Thinking like a scholarly platypus, I decide its time for my date to visit the doctor. Her enlightening lack of voice has got me murderously worried. Running my entertaining hand through my hair, I contemptuously notice that we have arrived.

The moment we walk through the door, a doctor takes one scabby look at us and whispers to a nurse:

"Please tell me that pickled psychiatrist is still here"

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We left feeling squishy and so i invited her to my sharp studio apartment for lukewarm tea and harmonious horror movies about green women who always know what to do if the short inevitable happens.

### Chapter 6 by joey



afterwards i slightly walked her home to her grainy house. I asked her how our date went and she said "tangy" i left feeling spicy as i walked home a metallic girl in a tired lambo pulled up and asked if I needed a ride. she looked about sharp years old with happy hair and bald eyes.

### Chapter 7 by Lizabeth Sche



I don't take pricey rides from familiar strangers, so I positively decline. At home I take a dry shower. My towel smells plain. I turn off the full water and partially exit. The phone silently rings. Instinctively, I have no idea it's her. She is eagerly uninterested, obviously. So the paper girl and I have a one sided conversation and make unsure plans for a past day.

### Chapter 8 by Frank



Should we merrily march to the blue park or go for a sooth flight over the solid ocean.

Oh! There are so many choices! Which shall I actively choose?

Or maybe a infuriating stroll through down-town space? Or perhaps a gargantuan skydive from a whispering plane?

the end

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